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TUESDAY, JUNE 16, 1914.

England hath no fury like a suffragette scorned.

Tennessee Democrats refuse to take water. They take their Rye straight.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but a 16-inch gun is a surer thing than either.

No matter whether a town is Democratic or Republican, it wants a progressive ball team.

We have not heard of the apaches of Paris since Col. Roosevelt whizzed through that town.

Who says the world is not getting better? Not a single umpire has been mobbed this season.

Among the other jobs that we don't want is that of proofreader on the Congressional Record.

Now that the schools have closed, the problem in many families is what to do with the children.

Beware of the man who doesn't like dogs. He may be all right, but the evidence is against him.

The Houston Chronicle wants to know the names of the six greatest living Texans. Are there that many?

It is to be hoped that no other government will suggest that we should alter the scenery along our canal.

His conduct for the past few months leads us to suspect that Harry Thaw has employed the right lawyer at last.

It may be that one of the main causes of the trouble in Mexico is the fact that the people down there talk Spanish.

It might be a happy ending if the British government would provide partners for all the suffragettes to dance the tango.

It is none of our business, of course, but we have often wondered if red-haired people suffer more in hot weather than other people.

Mrs. Pankhurst has rented a room right opposite Buckingham Palace, and the British government is going to raise ten new regiments of infantry at once.

We know a woman who thinks marriage is a failure. Her first husband stayed out at night, and her second husband hangs around the house all the time.

Chicago reports a decided decrease in marriages. We have thought all along that it was only a question of time until women would quit marrying Chicago men.

Let us strive to bear up under the recent series of defeats which our baseball team has suffered in the West. Their slump won't interfere with the crops or the pay envelope, and Thanksgiving Day and Christmas will come along just the same.

The Rev. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, president of the National Woman Suffrage Association, says the marriage ceremony is ridiculous, that it has outlived its usefulness and should be relegated to oblivion. There are people in the world nowadays who are saying this about all of the world's unchangeable institutions, but none of them ever have anything to suggest to take their places. The Rev. Anna, who by the way is an old maid, will make no converts to woman suffrage by denouncing the marriage ceremony which is still believed in by the great majority of people throughout the civilized world. Her utterance simply adds another to the burdens which the advocates of the suffrage cause have heaped upon it.

Col. Henry Watterson declares that Col. Theodore Roosevelt is engaged in trying to "put the Republican label on the Roosevelt bottle." "Marse Henry" added: "His real purpose is actually to accomplish the 'Disinfection' of this country and the right to do as he pleases in the conduct of its government. But there is no telling what he will really do. You can never tell which way the colonel is going to jump. Nobody can forecast what he is going to say or do at a given time, about anything, anywhere." From which it may be inferred that Col. Watterson thinks the skull and cross bones ought to be put on the "Roosevelt bottle," too.

Judge Pugh's decision that the municipal regulation prohibiting brilliant headlights on automobiles is the "business or congested" sections of the city is too indefinite to be enforced, is only plain common sense. The regulation as it stands is an absurdity and a standing challenge to controversy between the traffic policeman and the automobile operator. A section which appears "congested" to one might look like a desolate waste to another. A definite boundary should certainly be established for the area in which brilliant lights are prohibited. And, by the way, isn't there a regulation against automobile horns emitting unearthly, discordant and alarming sounds? If not, there certainly ought to be. This city is cursed above all others with an assortment of noise producers well calculated to throw women and children into a panic or transfix them with terror, when the intent is supposed to be to warn them to seek places of safety. Among a certain class of automobile owners there seems to be a rivalry in the production of hideous and blood-curdling din which may gratify those in the machines, but which undoubtedly arouses the antagonism of pedestrians.

Business and Legislation.

In announcing his steadfast opposition to any postponement of the trust legislation pending in Congress, President Wilson yesterday let the nation's business interests know just where they stand. Business is a thing apart from the government, an enemy as it were. The views and opinions of its representatives are unworthy of consideration and their wishes are valuable only for the purpose of dictating an administration policy in opposition to them.

The business men of the country recognize a serious depression, amounting almost to stagnation, existing everywhere. They believe that, with the promise of a bountiful harvest and a favorable decision in the railway rate case, the only other thing necessary to restore prosperity is the postponement of this session of Congress of further legislation affecting business. They know that hundreds of thousands of men are out of employment; they believe that there will soon be work for them if Congress will adjourn and halt the ceaseless output of inimical laws.

The President, on the other hand, refuses to recognize any actual cause for business depression, and believes that industrial conditions will be improved by more laws. It is his belief that the representatives of industry are talking depression merely in the hope of preventing the enactment of such laws. The administration regards as reprehensible the efforts of big business interests to influence Congress to suspend its legislative program. The situation is exactly as was described so impressively by Frank A. Vanderlip, in his address to the bankers last week. Government is at war with business.

The attitude of the administration is susceptible of but two interpretations. Either it is deliberately seeking to injure the nation's business, or it has such sublime confidence in the beneficence of its own policies that it has determined to pursue them to the end in the face of the firm and unanimous conviction of the business world and in defiance of its protests and pleadings.

There can be no shadow of doubt that the business men of the country, who should be better informed and more capable of correct judgment than any one else, are sincere in their belief that further legislation will be injurious. Otherwise, what can be their object in so persistently urging its postponement until the country can recover from the effects of the new laws already on the statute books? Why should they not complacently permit, if not actually urge, the completion of the President's program at the present session?

There is no sound reason for believing that the business interests are making false representations. Common sense compels the belief that what they are asking Congress to do they are convinced will revive industry. With industry and business active, the unemployed must necessarily find something to do. If industry and business are to continue to languish the workman's plight cannot be ameliorated.

What, then, can be the aim of the administration? Is it wise or even safe to deny business a voice in affairs which so vitally concern it and the whole people? Perhaps the party in power expects to be able to present to the world the spectacle of a country prospering whose government is engaged in a war of extermination against the industrial forces which make and sustain it.

Mistake Demanding Investigation.

The United States Senate will not live up to its traditions if it fails to have a complete investigation made of the widely published statement that the official letter paper of two Senate committees has been used in the exploitation of a gold mine of more or less promise in North Carolina. Senator Chilton, of West Virginia, and Senator Overman, of North Carolina, chairmen of the Committees on Census and Rules, respectively, whose letter paper was used for the purpose of conveying a rather glowing prospectus of the mine, admit that they are financially interested in the property, and it is also admitted that a Federal assessor investigated the mine and made a report by direction of John Skelton Williams when he was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

An investigation is due the two Senators named and the score of other Senators whose names appear on the committee stationery. The use of Senate letter paper for the purpose of exploiting a gold mine was highly improper under any circumstances and while the integrity of the Senators mentioned will not for a moment be questioned, and there will be no disposition to doubt the explanation that the paper was used by mistake of the committee clerks, the entire proceeding should be investigated and the result made a matter of public record.

The statement has been made that numerous copies of the gold mine prospectus on Senate stationery were distributed in the New York financial district. A gold mine prospectus under such auspices ought to be a gold mine in itself, properly worked in Wall Street, and the Senate will be amply justified in ascertaining to what extent it has been used in the job of exploitation and by whom.

It will be interesting to know just how many copies of the prospectus were made and the names of the promoters, if any, who profited by the mistake of the committee clerks.

"Pigs in Clover" at Niagara.

Carranza refused to attend the Niagara Falls mediation party on the terms prescribed by the mediators, and they in turn declined to admit him on the terms dictated by himself. Now it is the plan of the United States delegates to insist on the selection of a provisional president of Mexico who shall have the approval of Carranza, thus compelling the revolutionary leader to have a voice in the proceedings. Doubtless Carranza will consent to mediate to that extent at least, in which event probably Huerta will pop out as Carranza pops in, like the "pigs in clover" puzzle.

However, as the main purpose of this government is to put Huerta down and out, diplomatically, expeditiously and permanently, preferably, but down and out at all events, mediation possibly may not be retarded by this eventuality. But even when Huerta is eliminated and a provisional president approved by Carranza is agreed upon there will be other points on which Carranza may not be so easily satisfied, and possibly even the mediators themselves may make bold to put in a word. New York is betting on the international polo tournament and the international yacht race. Washington might indulge in a little speculation as to whether mediation will blow up before Congress adjourns.

It is all very well for trained nurses to murder their patients, but when they take to suing for breach of promise and the defendants plead that they were wandering in their minds, their defense ought to carry some weight.

Buttermilk costs about the same as beer, but it makes you feel a whole lot better the next morning.

Who Committed the Murder?

By JOHN D. BARRY.

In a great prison a young man was recently executed for murdering his sweetheart. The newspapers described the agony of his old father and mother. The young man was executed. Several of the newspapers called him a monster.

Nevertheless, he was not wholly to blame. He may have had a vague consciousness of the wrong that was done him, for they said he walked to the scaffold with bewilderment in his eyes, as if wondering what had brought him there.

The path of the murderer began to be blazed soon after birth. The first sounds that he recognized were of his father and mother quarreling.

Those sounds gave him his start. With great rapidity he learned from what he heard and saw, according to the habit of nature.

Each day he saw and heard his father and mother resenting each other and resting.

As he grew older the slightest provocation would drive him into fury.

His father used to say: "You get your disposition from your mother."

His mother used to say: "You are just like your father."

When the parents overheard each other speaking in this way they would quarrel again.

And the child, looking on, despised them both and did exactly as they did.

Meanwhile, he was marching to his goal.

When the child became a man he had his father and mother in subjection.

They were both afraid of him. And yet they loved him more than anything else in the world.

The more violent he grew the more they loved him and the more they were afraid.

There were times when they would not dare go into his presence for fear of his wrath.

Already he was well on his way toward the goal. The day came when the young man fell in love.

The father and mother, in spite of their own experience of love, each thought: "Now he will change. He will grow kind."

For a time he did grow kind, even to them.

Before his sweetheart he was especially careful to conceal his weakness.

He tried to make her think that he was kind in his nature.

But once she chanced to offend him.

He broke into a paroxysm of rage.

She looked at him in terror, as if she had made a fearful discovery.

After that time she avoided him.

The goal was almost in sight.

Persistently the young man strove to win his sweetheart back.

She would not yield.

At last, when she was alone, he forced his way into her presence.

He pleaded with her.

She listened in silence, shaking her head.

He tried threats.

She raised her head proudly, to show that she was not afraid.

She became defiant.

She spoke taunting words.

Then the last obstacle in the path first blazed so many years before was burned away in the fire of anger.

The young man had reached his goal.

He seized the nearest weapon and struck the blow.

No one tried to find the first cause of the murder, to determine the real guilt, to discover who had started the young man in the direction of his goal.

The father and mother, bowed in grief and shame, did not suspect.

(Copyright by John D. Barry.)

Lightning and Trolley Cars.

There are few more effective agencies for the harmless conduction of electricity between the earth and air than the trolley electric car. It has often been "struck" by lightning, but with injury only to persons who jumped off in fright from the crackle and flame. If it is true, as a report from West Virginia has it, that a passenger on such a car has been killed by lightning, it will be an instance of the kind in this country standing almost if not quite alone.—New York World.

Why Not Try It?

A suffragette's protests against "the torture of forcible feeding" are mildness itself in comparison with the illutions they would utter if the government should grant them the privilege of voluntary starvation. The British public, however, would doubtless be ready to stand a little more noise if this be the price it must pay for the discontinuance of the pernicious activity of the viragos. One or two successful hunger strikes would probably put an end to suffragette militancy.—Philadelphia Record.

A Wise Decision.

The decision of the Supreme Court of the Commonwealth that a wife living apart from her husband is not entitled to benefit under the terms of the workmen's compensation act may seem a hardness to those affected by it, but it is wise and entirely for the best interests of society. The effect of this dictum must surely be to encourage the maintaining of the home—that is to say, the place where man and wife dwell together whether it be a house or an apartment or only a single room. The wife, naturally solicitous for herself and her children, will be more careful to preserve the solidarity of the family. When that can be done properly, society is always the gainer.—Boston Post.

The Divorce Problem.

If it were possible to have identical divorce laws in all the States there would be no difficulty in getting an amendment to the Constitution and a Federal law. As it happens, the ideals of different sections of the country are so widely diverse that there is no present hope or prospect of bringing them together on any common ground. Such efforts as those of the Presbyterian General Assembly toward uniformity and rigidity will no doubt have their effect ultimately, but it is Utopian to think that South Carolina can be induced to grant divorces or some of our Western States to limit them because of any mere ethical appeal. The divorce problem is one which will have to demonstrate its own solution in the light of long experience.—New York Sun.

Crime of Business Success.

If a man turns his brains to literature—and succeeds—he is a genius! If a man turns his brains to medicine—and succeeds—he is a public benefactor! If a man turns his brains to law and statesmanship—and succeeds—he is an ornament to the nation. The world applauds success in any line of endeavor—excepting one. Let him turn his brains to business—and succeed. At once—he is a scheming rogue and a robber of the poor! For is not the expression of genius and initiative in business—a CRIME? Is not the love of money the root of all evil? It is, therefore, of utmost importance that the President and his able lieutenants toil mightily through the heat of summer to crush out these offending roots—that sustain the tree of prosperity. What if the tree die also? Psychology will no doubt revive it.—Public Ledger.

Statements, Real and Near.

By FRED C. KELLY.

Col. George W. Goethals, the Panama Canal chief, works on a schedule almost down to the second. Visitors to the canal, who go about with Goethals find that they must reach the train or the boat at the exact time, or else they get left. This hitting the schedule extends even to receptions and tea. Wives of members of Congress who go down to the canal are expected to be there at the exact time.

"The boat goes in twenty-five minutes. This reception will last just twenty-four minutes, leaving one minute to step over to the boat."

And if they tarry over the good-bys, they simply get left out of the picture.

Gradually it has been instilled into the minds of Congressional visitors that there is no bluff about Goethals' rule of punctuality. They have fallen into the habit of figuring exactly how much time is needed to dress, eat, and move from one place to another.

When the appropriation committee was on a trip of inspection to the canal some time ago, Chairman Fitzgerald came to from a dusty tramp one morning, with a great hunger. He had to eat rapidly, for it was the day they were to visit the Pacific end of the canal.

Moreover he did not catch the train. The committee was obliged to proceed on its way chairmanless.

On their return they asked Fitzgerald how it happened.

"I had my watch in my hand," he said, "and allowed myself plenty of time to keep on our feet. But I forgot, and took two more swallows of coffee than I had figured on. That upset my whole calculations."

B. F. Keith, the vaudeville magnate, who died a little while ago, was a peculiar genius. He could ask unexpected questions that it was really a fine work of art. Then, on the other hand, he could maintain a steady and uninterrupted silence for hours at a time, when the average person would have been long since bored.

For example, Keith went to Cleveland one time to have a conference with the manager of his theaters there. The two spent several hours together, and apparently all pending business matters were disposed of. Keith left his manager about 9 o'clock in the evening to go to his hotel for a needed rest.

At last, however, an opportunity to ask the manager a question came. Keith was aroused from a sound sleep by word that Mr. Keith desired to see him immediately. Thinking that Keith meant business, he went to the manager's office, where he found Keith sitting quietly in the lobby.

"Oh, here you are," was Keith's greeting. "Do you know, as I've been sitting here, I've been wondering how many great and various kinds there are on the Great Lakes. It just occurred to me that you might know."

The next day—or rather toward noon of the same day—Keith appeared at his manager's office and remarked that he would like to have a moment's private audience with him.

Keith came in, and the little party was seated. Keith said that he had a great deal to say, and that he would like to talk to the manager in a private room.

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HISTORY BUILDERS.

A Masterpiece of Art for Fifteen Shillings.

(Written largely for The Herald.)

By DR. B. J. EDWARDS.

Having had occasion to call upon Mr. Walter L. Clark so that I might gain from him authoritative information respecting the recent awards by China to an American industry of which Mr. Clark is vice president of a very important contract providing for the equipment of the Chinese army with American gunnery machinery, I happened casually during the course of the conversation to notice a large painting which hung upon the wall of Mr. Clark's office.

It was apparently a painting which showed the mark of years. I asked Mr. Clark if there were any significance in the subject of the painting, and he replied that it was a picture of a battle scene.

"That is a picture by Snyder, one of the great painters of his time, who lived, I think, in the latter part of the seventeenth century. It is called the battle of the Marston, and as you will see, it is a very fine work of art. There is a curious story associated with this painting which explains how it came to be hung upon the wall of my office."

"I was in London some years ago, and one day, having a little time on my hands, I went to the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the National Museum, and I saw a number of pictures which were sold at auction. I strolled about among these pictures until at last I observed what appeared to be a very old painting."

"It was not in a frame; it was very dirty, and in a most dilapidated condition. Still, I thought I detected evidence that it was really a fine work of art. Probably it had been stored away in some house for many years and at last had been placed with the auctioneer to be sold."

"I waited until the painting was put up by the auctioneer, and listened to the bidding. There were bids of two, three, and five pounds, and I was not certain that I would be able to buy it for less than five pounds."

"He told me that shillings were meant, and I made a bid of fifteen shillings. The picture was knocked down to me for fifteen shillings, English money, or a little over \$4. American money."

"I was certain that I had a prize and caused the picture to be cleaned, renovated, and put in a frame. It was a little later seen by an art critic of exceptional authority and he immediately recognized it as a masterpiece of art."

"I brought it home and had it hung on the walls of my office where you now see it. It is a masterpiece of art, and I don't know, of course, what it would fetch if put up in an art sale, but I do know that I have been offered a great deal of money for it, but I prefer to keep it."

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Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell "How Russell Sage Avoided Committing Himself."

Mr. and Mrs. Sprat.

"Mr. and Mrs. Sprat seem to get along well together."

"That is due to their superior teamwork."

"What do you mean?"

"She lays down the law and he carries it out."—Baltimore Sun.

Not the Worst Investment.

Yet the woman who invested \$500 in a caterer for a party was a better investment than the gentlemen who sink huge sums in an occasional kitty.—Chicago News.

None to Mour.

Tramp—Please, mum, I have not a friend or a relative in the world.

Housekeeper—Well, I'm glad there's no one to worry over you in case you get hurt. Here, tie!—Detroit News.

Signs of Weakening.

"So you think there is yet a chance of selling Mr. Nuskads an automobile?"

"Sure." He used to say he wished he had one; now he's arguing he can't afford it.—Puck.

With Malice Aforethought.

Mrs. Cronan heard her little granddaughter, Margaret, crying as if in pain, and hastened to the child.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" inquired Mrs. Cronan. "Did you meet with an accident?"

"N-no, grandma," sobbed Margaret. "It wasn't an accident! M-mother did it on purpose!"—Harper's Magazine.

Charitable.

Tramp—Please, mum, I ain't had a full stomach for three weeks.

Housekeeper (benevolently)—Too bad! Well, you go somewhere and beg a meal of dried apples and I will furnish the water.—New York Weekly.

Fowls of High Degree.